



# A Dwemer's Ballad



dwarven

ballad

32 1 5

## Chapter 1 by Alice Marie Bride

*There once was a city paved with gold,  
In which crystals shimmered and shone,  
A city made in times of old,  
A city bore out of stone.  
A mighty king bared his staff,  
Made of iron and steel,  
A king who bore no ill wrath,  
with a complexion so surreal.  
He gripped his throne with a mighty arm,  
Battleaxe in hand,  
He spat and shouted "ring the alarm!"  
As invaders plundered their land.  
The Dwemer are never far from their swords,  
Axes and daggers as well,  
The Dwemer trudge through the fjords,*

*In the undergrounds they dwell.*

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Chapter 2 by Alice Marie Bride

*With shouts to arms and*

*The Dwarven brothers arise,*

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*They slept on stone beds as legend goes,  
Their mighty song never dies.  
A king, a king, stout and fair,  
stood waving his sword,  
With soot-stained face and greying hair,  
\_weaving his magical stone ward,  
His sons and daughters gathered round,  
To hear the tales of old,  
To hear the legends of knights crowned,  
To listen the old soothsayer's tales of the bold.*

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